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**SIRIS TASSELS**

BY

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192

# Dedication

TO INDIA

I have loved her and served her long

Harley Annas Woodpeckson

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SIRIS TASSELS.

## *India.*

India, India, hear ! her very name is a  
    song  
So regal is she, so dear, I have loved her,  
    served her long  
As her gift to me I have lived life's fairest  
    days in her land  
She knows that my heart she holds , I love  
    her and understand

It seems to me that she is a mother whose  
    heart is sore  
When she sees her children, hers, the true  
    strong sons that she bore,  
Swayed by hatred, discord, strife , like  
    moths at a flickering flame  
Drugged with words , she sighs     ‘ They  
    are mine and I love them each the same ”



Varied in caste and creed, not their speech  
but their souls are one,  
Each is my cherished child, each my loving  
and loyal son  
They would win me stars to wear, a golden  
crown they would give,  
They would die for their mother's sake,  
my children, wake and live !"

India, India, heed ! let the past with its  
rancour die ,  
Each morn doth a new day dawn beneath  
her glorious sky  
England stands by her side, the world and  
the Nations wait,  
Sympathy, service, love, these are thine,  
O Queen, not hate !

## *Flower Memories.*

My flowers bring me memories,  
They make the past arise ,  
Whenever I smell violets  
I see a dead man's eyes

Friend, did you love me truly ?  
That love I would not take  
Yet, dear, your purple violets  
Are sacred for your sake

Scents of the neem and siris !  
That grey walled Eastern town,  
White tents and tethered horses,  
The still stars looking down

The warm air siris-scented,  
A camp-fire's ruddy glow,  
Beside the Tapti river,  
One April, years ago

The white Madonna lilies—  
Before the Virgin's shrine  
Once more I live so gladly  
Those childhood days of mine

We decked Our Lady's Altar  
In her fair month of May  
O Mater Admirabilis !  
I kneel again to pray

Gold hours in a green garden  
Where we two used to meet  
You gave red regal roses,  
And giving made more sweet

Heart that is mine for ever,  
Dark eyes, dear lips that clung,  
Scent of the red, red roses,  
And we and love are young !

## *Burhanpore.*

The play is done, the last act o'er,  
We played it out at Burhanpore

With laughing lips we strayed until  
All suddenly, my mirth grew still  
O heart that was my own of yore,  
I guessed your hope at Burhanpore

We saw the ruined Palace lie,  
Relic of splendour long gone by  
The Tapti guards it evermore  
The dim dead Past of Burhanpore

The silks tassels 'neath our feet  
Lent to our dream their fragrance sweet,  
The old, old dream dreamed oft before  
Ere dreaming died at Burhanpore

Thus silent for a while we stood,  
Till sudden madness lit your mood,  
"My princess, mine!" you fondly swore,  
That summer day at Burhanpore

Were you too foolish, I, too wise ?  
Answer, sad heart and wistful eyes  
This knowledge mine for evermore,  
You loved me then at Burhanpore

But I ? I found some words to say  
That changed your dream from gold to gray,  
O love forgive that once of yore  
I hurt your heart at Burhanpore

Dark eyes that haunt me with their pain,  
Dear lips whose pleading was in vain,  
This your revenge, for evermore  
I left my heart at Burhanpore !

Do you regret the dream no more,  
The dream that died at Burhanpore ?  
\*                    +                    x                    v

## *Buster, My Dog.*

So still, he does not stir,  
His dear dark eyes are dim,  
I call, he cannot hear,  
My voice is hushed for him  
I hold him to my heart,  
His limbs are cold and numb ,  
Old comrade, we can't part,  
I want you, little chum !

Our six-years' story ends,  
My joys and griefs you knew,  
You shared them, best of friends,  
My doggie tried and true  
When sorrow came you'd bark :  
" Cheer up, don't fret, now, come !"  
You'd lick me till I'd hark,  
I miss you, little chum !

On green Earth's mother-breast,  
I'll make for you a bed,  
There, comrade mine, you'll rest,  
The green leaves overhead  
Ah ! me, I can't forget,  
My heart with grief is numb,  
My eyes with tears are wet,  
I've lost you, little chum !

Some day, somehow, somewhere,  
We'll surely meet again,  
My doggie that's my prayer,  
God grant it's not in vain  
When life's brief day is done,  
Won't you to greet me come ?  
With bounding step you'll run,  
I'll find you, little chum !

## *Ireland.*

*St Patrick's Day—17th March 1914*

Erin, that fair unhappy land,  
Of whom it once was said,  
Her, England never stayed to woo,  
But, all reluctant, wed

O lovely, loved unlucky land,  
Her North and South are twain,  
One fain would cling to Saxon rule,  
One be all Celt again

And still the feuds of yesteryear  
O'er her like storm clouds lower,  
To wreck the land that both hold dear,  
Rob her of peace and power



Erin, O fair unhappy land,  
Are all her glad days dead ?  
Or will her sad eyes smile again,  
Joy reign in Sorrow's stead ?

Nay, though they fain would yield her back  
The freedom that she craves,  
For her the future still seems black,  
She dreams of grief and graves

## *Harsud.*

Far behind us lay the camp,  
All the world seemed far away,  
In the twilight cold and damp,  
On that dull September day

Then some villagers walked past,  
Laughing, singing as they went  
This one day would be our last,  
Not for us their glad content

Just a girl in a gray gown,  
Tired, silent, sad of mood,  
Looking into eyes of brown,  
On the cart road to Harsud.

All your heart you vowed me then,  
You would alter for my sake,  
Would be wisest, best of men,  
Promises so soon to break !

Yet you seemed to find me fair,  
As you 'neath the twilight skies  
Kissed my lips, and then my hair,  
Praised my radiant blue gray eyes

Ah ! no doubt you found them bright,  
Since they kindled to your mood,  
Glorified by love's own light,  
Love, I loved you at Harsud

Then in silence, sad and slow,  
Rode we to the camp again  
I to stay, and you to go,  
All my heart was filled with pain

Love, from me so far apart,  
Reckless, lone, misunderstood,  
Does no memory haunt your heart  
Of that last day at Harsud ?

## *A Cradle Song.*

The ends of the earth were ours to roam  
For we were unfettered and free ,  
But now we are bound to hearth and home  
And are held by the least of us three  
The little hands cling so close, my heart,  
And the small sweet mouth at my breast,  
Not for a world from my babe would I part !  
Love, my love, were the old days best ?

Oh ! then we followed the open road  
And small matter which way we went,  
For glad we wandered or glad abode  
In forest, or inn, or wayside tent  
Now the sheltered days in a sunny town,  
For the little white bird her nest,  
And never the woods or the windy down,  
Love, my love, were the old ways best ?

Once I knew many a woodland rune,  
Blackbird's note or the song o' the thrush,  
Now I croon only a cradle-tune  
" Hushaby, little one, hush, love, hush ! "

So I sing low to your babe at my knee,  
Kissing the wakeful eyes to rest  
Which song to your ear has more melody ?  
Love, my love, are not new days best ?

## *Tristan to Iseult of Ireland.*

Do you recall the morns when we went riding,  
Through forests green or by a still grey sea,  
The whispered words, the jests we made together,  
Your laugh that thrilled the very soul of me ?

Fair foolish days, and yet, God how they haunt  
me !

Would I had loved you more or loved you less,  
Had held, or left you ere you knew my kisses,  
You who were made for peace and holiness.

So stately sweet, so graceful and so gracious,  
A crown of gold upon that dear dark head,  
My proud Iseult, my queen, my love, whose  
lover  
Has slain your pride, crowned you with grief  
instead

## *To Margaret Singing*

Margaret sings and the fair white throat  
Thrills on the air with its melody  
The gay glad voice, 'tis the blackbird's note  
Or April thrush in the orchard tree,  
The rainbow's gold or the rose o' June,  
Lalage's laugh when one found her fair,  
A moment's while and a change of tune,  
'Tis love, its longing, doubt, despair

Margaret sings and she bears me far,  
Strange lands and lovers I seem to view,  
Rose gardens of Hafiz, long bazaar,  
Listening I dream that my dreams are true  
The Sultan's Palace, a slave girl's eyes,  
Hussain's betrayal and his disdain,  
Love that was folly and hate too wise  
Margaret sing ! so she sings again



Margaret sings and she weaves a spell,  
Opens time's door with a magic key,  
Gossamer visions too shy to tell,  
Memories forgotten she brings to me  
Dead days dear dreams, at the sound awake,  
An old grey house by a greyer sea,  
As back to the past the road I take  
Margaret sing ' ah, she sings for me

## *San Marco.*

Patron Saint of Venice. 25th April.

With music, song, and laughter,  
Venice is glad and gay,  
It is San Marco's festa,  
In church the people pray.

The Patron Saint of Venice,  
His shrine they wreathe with flowers,  
They deck the gay gondolas,  
A day of golden hours.

Beneath fair lady's window  
Love sings a serenade,  
Content that good San Marco  
Will lend true lovers aid

Those April days in Venice <sup>1</sup>  
Before San Marco's shrine,  
Once, love, we knelt together,  
Your dear hand clasped in mine

“ O Salutaris Hostia ! ”  
We heard the choirboys sing,  
Earth seemed so close to Heaven  
In that Venetian spring

Love, far apart we wander,  
And nevermore may we  
Dream by the Adriatic  
Of days that could not be

Just April love and laughter.  
Too slight a thing to stay  
Yet, 'tis San Marco's festa,  
My thoughts seek yours to-day

## *When Earth and Love were Young.*

Sweet, lift your dear dark head,  
Let me the memory trace,  
In years that lie long dead  
I knew that pale proud face  
Such centuries ago !  
For you my songs were sung,  
I loved you to my woe,  
When Earth and Love were young

When you were Egypt's Queen,  
Cold, cruel false and fair  
You gazed on me serene  
And mocked at my despair  
O night beside the Nile !  
The gold moon overhung  
You stabbed me with your smile,  
When Earth and Love were young

I deemed you half-divine  
Where Arno's waters flow,  
My peerless Florentine,  
My asphodel crowned woe  
Your gift to me was peace,  
For you my songs were sung,  
I called you Beatrice,  
When Earth and Love were young

At Eleanor's gay court,  
In golden Aquitaine,  
In tourney, joust, and sport,  
I rode your smile to gain  
For you I raised my lance,  
My lute for you was strung,  
In sunny days of France  
When Earth and Love were young.

Such centuries ago !  
So many lives we knew,  
I loved and love you so,  
Princess, behold me true.  
Still, sweet, you weave your spell,  
For you my songs are sung,  
Beloved, loved so well  
When Earth and Love were young.

## *Sweet Beatrice.*

To Dame Ellen Terry on her birthday, 27th  
February, 1925

“ Dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living ? ”  
Act I Much Ado About Nothing

Living ? ah yes, Beatrice lives for ever !  
You smile at us from out of Shakespeare's  
page  
Such glad grey eyes that time can dim  
them never  
As once at Benedick you mock at age

So through the years we hear your happy  
laughter,  
You boasted, sweet that nought could  
make you sad  
Tell we beseech you did love grieve you after,  
Or was Beatrice always blythe and glad ?

Was Benedick the husband true and tender ?  
You scoffed at love until your heart he stole  
How fared you after your most sweet  
surrender ?  
Full well he prized it who had won the whole

“ Lady Disdain, ” that was the name he  
named you,  
Until he saw heart’s gold you hid away ,  
“ Sweet Beatrice, ” his loving lips proclaimed  
you  
And we who love you call you so to-day !

## A Rain Song

O the clean rains, the green rains,  
Refresh the fading flowers,  
They fit earth for the harvest,  
Bedewing it with showers  
What though the sky is leaden  
And all the sea is grey,  
For the green rains, the clean rains  
Have washed my woes away !

The winds and waves are calling,  
'Tis I that will obey,  
I'll doff my gown of satin  
And don the hodden grey,  
I'll walk beside the waters,  
Beneath the stormswept sky,  
And as for care and sorrow,  
I bid them both good bye !



O the clean rains, the green rains  
Pour on the thirsty earth,  
They take away my sorrows,  
And fill my heart with mirth,  
So I with happy laughter  
Contentedly will stray  
For the green rains, the clean rains,  
Have swept my griefs away !

## *A Vision.*

Last night I dreamed a dream so strange,  
It seemed herself before me stood,  
(Not time nor toil nor clime nor change  
Has healed my aching solitude )  
God in His mercy granted grace,  
One moment's while I saw her face

So still she was she did not stir,  
Grey eyes that changed with every whim  
Framed by the massy bronze brown hair,  
Dear lips whose red death could not dim  
Yet touched perchance with newer grace,  
A moment's while I saw her face

So still, although I cried her name—  
O name so sweet love's fairest word,—  
She answered not yet smiled the same  
Slow smile as though she had not heard  
Yet God, I thank Thee for Thy grace  
Though spoke she not, I saw her face

Fair vision fading all too soon  
No message thine of peace or love,  
No promise of some higher boon  
Beyond death's gate in realms above  
Though God may grant no other grace,  
I am content, I saw thy face !

## *Maladie Du Pays.*

I'm sick of endless sunshine,  
Of dusty roads and heat,  
The days that seem unending,  
The nights with leaden feet  
I dream of days in England,  
Green leafy lanes and flowers,  
Of wet and windy weather,  
And spring and summer showers

At Hampton Court's in blossom  
The Chestnut Avenue,  
Green are the lawns at Richmond,  
The lilacs out at Kew  
From dreams of English songbirds  
In woodlands long ago,  
We wake each sultry morning  
To raucous cry of crow

The mail-boat leaves the Harbour  
And swiftly bears away  
The lucky folk who're fleeing  
Fast from an Indian May  
They wave their farewells gaily,  
For oh ! they're glad to go,  
While we they leave behind them  
Full well our exile know

## *An Unknown Garden.*

Once, long ago, I journeyed  
Through leagues of dusty plain,  
At dusk I passed a garden,  
Its earth new-wet with rain.

High-hedged and sweet with flowers,  
Tuberose, tall and white,  
Poured on the air their perfume  
And filled me with delight

I sent my thoughts a-scecking  
You far across the sea  
Would in this fair green garden  
My love could come to me !

That garden seen once only,  
Those paths we never knew,  
Yet still in dreams, beloved,  
There I keep tryst with you.

## *Lady Willingdon's Birthday.*

*24th March, 1916*

When years ago in March the Sunbeam brought  
you

First, as a child, to visit this Bombay,  
Did none foretell what time and fate have fraught  
you ?

How more than dear you are to us to-day,  
Your birthday ! and your people have acclaimed  
you,

In loving greeting each one takes a part ,  
Throughout the land your Province has pro-  
claimed you

“ Our Lady ”—Lady of the Golden Heart !  
Yours you have made our every grief and gladness,  
Take in return a love unbought, unsold  
Bright be your life and free from touch of sadness,  
God send you years all happy, Heart of Gold !



## *Princess Mary.*

*28th February 1922*

The fairies came to your christening, sweet,  
And gifts that they brought to you,  
Were roses to scatter beneath your feet,  
Skies blue as your eyes so blue  
Hands quick to comfort and swift to share,  
A heart as glad as the gold of your hair,  
A soul that is pure and true  
The fairies came to your christening, sweet,  
They come to your bridal too !

The fairies come to your bridal, sweet,  
And gifts that they bring to you,  
Are love that will make your life complete,  
All roses and never a rue  
A gown that a Fairy Queen might wear,  
A ring as gold as the gold of your hair,  
His heart that is brave and true  
The fairies come to your bridal, sweet,  
They came to your christening too !

## *In Memoriam.*

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON,

Born 15th February 1874 , died 5th January 1922

" Never for me the lowered banner, never the lost  
endeavour "

A loyal comrade, a leader tried,  
Most just and generous, brave and true ,  
His was the call of the waters wide,  
Seeking the Seas that no pilot knew  
Discovery, Nimrod, Endurance, Quest,  
Magic there lies in each stirring name  
His life he lived with a vim and zest,  
And love he knew as a sacred flame

Ah ! never for him youth's dream grown old,  
No flowered flag, no lost endeavour.  
Dauntless, unbaffled, his tale is told,  
Gallant and gay will he seem for ever  
Sorrow and tears and vain regret,  
Are ours who mourn for him , but he,  
Britain's Son whom she'll not forget,  
Has died, as a Viking should, at sea !

## *Irish Folk Song.*

Oh! Larry took my promise  
Before he sailed away.  
I gave my heart to Larry  
To keep till Judgment Day  
Last night the Father blessed me,  
And then he smiled and said :  
“ ’Twas I that had you christened,  
By me must you be wed ”

My mother sighs “Alannah,  
’Tis surely as you please ,  
But I would hold, mo mairnin,  
Your cùird upon my knees”  
The lads they come a-wooing,  
They praise my eyes and hair.  
Sure, I’ve no wish to heed them  
Since Larry found me fair.

My grief I take to Mary,  
And at her shrine I pray ,  
"Star of the Sea, watch over  
My sailor, night and day "  
Oh ! Larry had my promise,  
He holds my heart as well  
'Tis I would follow Larry  
To Heaven or to Hell !

## *India's Welcome.*

Our King's son bid we welcome, O Prince  
    who is our own,  
Hear to the greatest Empire that Earth  
    hath ever known  
Through many lands you journeyed, each  
    spread for you a feast,  
Our Gift, the gleam, the glamour, the glory  
    of the East

Your grandsire and your sire our loyal  
    homage knew,  
To-day we give you greeting as fervent and  
    as true,  
Strong is the tie that holds us, the love your  
    House hath won ,  
We thank the King your father who sent to  
    Ind his son

Our sons went forth to battle, and when they  
    fought and bled,  
With them you shared the danger, mourned  
    with us for our dead  
So young you were, so gallant, boy when the  
    war began,  
In bloodstained fields of Flanders our White  
    Prince grew to man

Though day and deeds of Crecy be ages long  
away,  
You live the ancient motto the Black Prince  
found that day  
"I serve," and in such service your noble  
soul evince,  
In hardship schooled, by peril proved, God  
keep the People's Prince !

Ambassador most gracious and Ambassage  
most great,  
In very truth you herald the end of strife  
and hate  
We view the Vision Splendid, our eager eyes  
foresee  
The day is swiftly dawning, the hour shall  
surely be

When fitted for Dominion, a calm contented  
land,  
Among the Five New Nations great India will  
stand  
And East and West together attain their  
common goal  
In unity of purpose, serenity of soul

## *Yule Memories.*

Sing a song of Christmas ! an old grey house I see,  
Far away and far away in a north country  
I look in a mother's eyes, she is young once more,  
One who will not come again enters at the door  
Little lad and lasses home at last from school,  
Mistletoe and holly, laughter, love, at Yule.

Gay and pleasant people, Sydney Town I view,  
Stretch of sands at Manly, pic-nicing with you  
Crowded ferry steamer, a banjo's tinkly tune,  
Snatch of song and whispered words, silver  
southern moon.  
Could we cross the ocean think you we would find  
The maiden and her lover that time has left  
behind ?



Christmas Day in Bombay, garlands green and gold,  
Marigold and palm-leaves , little hands I hold  
Childish voices singing of a Child new born,  
Venite adoremus, Rose without a thorn !  
Santa Claus gifts brought them, how they laughed  
and played,  
This was *home* my babies, here your nest we made

Wherever they may wander, however far they be,  
India, land loved dearly, their thoughts will turn  
to thee !

## *A Door.*

Each time I pass it, I half turn and wait,  
'Twas here she met me in the long ago,  
Here that I found her came I soon or late,  
Here that she whispered " " Ah, I missed  
you so "'

Always a welcome, and she seemed so glad,  
She never wearied, sweet her look and smile,  
But now without her all my days are sad,  
Empty of joys they held for me erstwhile

Yet as I pass it still my pulses stir,  
I wait and listen now with bated breath,  
Will she not come ? just for one glimpse  
of her !  
Ah ! sweet, between us lies the door of  
death !

## *Poppy Day.*

Won't you buy a poppy, Sir ? may be, out  
in France  
You too did your little bit, served and took  
your chance  
Dreary days in rain and mud, aren't you  
glad they're through ?  
In those French and Flemish fields the red  
poppies grew

Won't you buy a poppy, Sir ? symbol of  
the slain,  
Ah ! those gay and gallant lads, they'll not  
come again !  
Fields of Flanders and of France British  
blood stained red.  
Glory, grief, these poppies speak of the dear,  
the dead

Won't you buy a poppy, Sir ? there are  
men you knew,  
Comrades, need a helping hand and—it's  
up to you !  
Proud are we of you and them, proud of  
those who died  
Poppy Day ! wear poppies then, emblem  
of that pride.

## *A Song.*

Somebody sang a song last night,  
Back she came from the shadowy past,  
Joyous Babette with laughter light  
Only a vision, it fled so fast,  
Somebody sang a song last night

Somebody sang a song last night  
An old green garden before me rose,  
Sweet Babette with her soul so white,  
She has forgotten me I suppose  
Somebody sang a song last night

Somebody sang your song last night,  
Mystic words to a magic tune  
Babette, my own, my heart's delight,  
I saw your eyes, my Rose O' June,  
Somebody sang your song last night.

## *Sir Pherozeshah Mehta.*

As Councillors many gathered round  
In that lighted Hall he had ruled so well,  
(Some silken-saried and satin gowned ')  
I sensed and was swayed by a subtle  
spell  
For from the wall where his portrait hung  
Looked keen kind eyes that seemed quite  
aware  
Of all that was altered since he was young,  
I know, ah ! I know he was present  
there !

Present and eagerly listening to  
Debate, dissension, and pleaded cause  
Did he think words many, arguments few ?  
I wish I knew what his verdict was !  
I thought of days when Pherozeshah  
fought  
Firmly he stood, fearlessly said,  
Stately of presence and sane in thought,  
I felt, ah ! I felt that he was not dead



When the meeting ended Councillors rose,  
They left the Hall to the shades that  
came,  
You will say that I dreamed it, I suppose,  
But I watched him step from the picture-  
frame  
He looked as he looked when I met him last  
And he took his seat—it was Mody's  
Chair !—  
With Councillors gathered from years long  
past  
I saw, yes ! I saw them sitting there !

## *Taj Mahal.*

Mumtaz Mahal, what memories  
Came to him by thy bier,  
Of glad hours shared together  
In Delhi and Kashmir  
Gold days and nights star-spangled,  
The joys that once had been !  
In Court and Camp, O Mumtaz,  
Thou wert his Comrade-Queen

He covered thee with kisses,  
Sobbed out his aching woe ,  
“ Mumtaz, Mumtaz, I love thee,  
I cannot let thee go ”  
Then when time dulled sharp sorrow,  
(Though grief was none the less !)  
He planned to build thee, Mumtaz,  
This marble loveliness

Cased in that Eastern garden  
Where Love and Art have met,  
Beside the Jumna River,  
This gem in marble set  
Myriad workmen wrought it  
With toil and sweat and pain.  
An Emperor's love undying  
Lives in the deathless fane

He summoned artists, craftsmen,  
All skill that Ind might hold,  
And lavished time and treasure,  
He squandered gems and gold,  
To keep thy memory fragrant ;  
That all the world might see  
How dearly loved an Emperor,  
How great his grief for thee.

Too still for song or sighing  
To wake her from the dead,  
Mumtaz Mahal lies sleeping,  
Cold in her marble bed  
Yet all these long years after  
Her death and his despair,  
The Taj Mahal bears witness  
Shah Jehan's heart lay there

## *A Southern Garden.*

I went to the olden place,  
The loved ones were far away,  
All was empty and still  
In the twilight cold and grey

Scents of lilies, lilac, rose,  
Down those garden paths I strayed,  
Three children long ago  
Here loitered and laughed and played.

And there where the jasmine porch  
Looks out on the southern sea,  
A glad young mother sat  
In days that are memory

Alone in the dusk I stood,  
A passion of grief was mine  
The east wind sighed and swayed  
Through casuarina pine

## *Pour Passer Le Temps.*

I will remember and you forget  
This love of ours that is just in play  
You sigh as you whisper "Margaret!"  
Lips tremble with words that you must  
not say  
I smile at you, but my eyes are wet,  
For I remember you will forget

I will remember and I regret,  
Some day if some one my name should  
say  
As smiling you light a cigarette  
"Yes, I knew that girl her eyes were  
grey,  
She sang, I think, but I half forget!"  
I will remember and I regret

I will remember when you forget  
Each everyday dear and trivial thing  
A ride, the sea, or the hour we met,  
The flowers you give me, the songs I sing  
And ghosts of the past will haunt me yet,  
While I remember when you forget !

## *Deo Gratias.*

We thank Thee, God, for each and every  
day,  
The work by which we win our daily  
bread,  
Mirth, music, laughter, rapture, rest, and  
play,  
Dawn, noon, and dusk, the sunset's golden  
red.

Green grass and trees, bird-songs and scents  
of flowers,  
The stretch of sands and ever-changing sea,  
We thank Thee, God, for grey and golden  
hours,  
For future hope and cherished memory.



We thank Thee for life's sunshine and its  
shade,  
No touch of bitter ? then would sweetness  
cloy !  
For strength to suffer, courage unafraid,  
To taste of sorrow lends a zest to joy

So much lies compassed between death and  
birth,  
All life hath brought us, all that yet may  
be,  
We thank Thee, God, for this Thy happy  
earth ,  
But most, ah ! Love, I thank God most  
for thee.

## *The Day My Father Died.*

The day my father died  
The world was red and gold  
Flame forest hung its banners out  
Red roses, marigold  
The garden flagged with flowers  
As tribute it would bear  
For one who lived and loved so well  
True hearted debonair

I knelt his bed beside  
And memories were mine  
Of faith that never failed,  
A tenderness divine  
When first that head I knew  
Those locks were gold not grey,  
Yet young my father seemed  
The hour he went away

The dear dead hand I kissed,  
Last gift to me his ring,  
An old Scots song came back ;  
“ He micht ha’e been a king !”  
So royal did he look  
My father when he died  
The noblest, wisest, best !  
With grief there mingled pride

Not where his youth was spent  
In that grey Northern town  
Where his forefathers sleep  
Laid he life’s burden down  
But in this sunny South  
The land he served and knew,  
India, he loved you well,  
He rests at last in you

## Goodbye.

" Goodbye !" I said it with laughing lips,  
A moment's touching of finger-tips  
My eyes were blind and would not see  
The pleading look you cast on me

" Goodbye !" it found its way to your  
heart  
Leaving grief, bitterness, pain and smart  
Love of my life, I could not speak !  
Being a woman I was weak

“ Goodbye ! ’ I say in my dreams to-night ,  
But the tears fall fast and hide from sight  
Your wistful face and sad goodbye,  
Asking a question “ Dear heart, why ? ”

## *Song of Yasmini.*

Red roses or white jasmine !  
Which deem you, friend, more sweet ?  
I wear the star white jasmine,  
When I my lover meet

Once, long ago, he called me—  
(O love's most radiant hour !)  
' Most sweet, most perfect woman,  
My own white jasmine flower !'

All day the King must labour,  
His greatness knows not rest,  
For soldiers, courtiers, counsellors,  
The poor, the sore oppressed

Each one in turn may see him  
He hearkens to each plea,  
Must punish, pity, pardon,  
Till night brings love and me

All mine from dusk till daytime !  
So, at the sunset hour,  
In the walled Women's Garden,  
I pluck the jasmine flower

Red roses or white jasmine !  
Nay, both of these be sweet ,  
But I wear star white jasmine  
When I my lover meet

## *National Baby Week.*

" She refuseth to be comforted for her children because they are not Thus saith the Lord Refrain thy voice from weeping and thy eyes from tears for thy work shall be rewarded "

*Jeremiah*

Throughout the land the wail of women weeping,

Ah ! piteous love that vainly strives to stay  
The hand of death which mercilessly reaping  
These flowrets frail would make of them his  
prey

Help them to live ! too prone to pine and  
languish,

These little lives whose price was peril, pain  
If they must die then motherhood is anguish,  
A useless grief, an agony in vain



Who loved and lost remember and re-live it,  
Who love and hold most surely understand,  
That joy so great naught else on earth can  
    give it,  
The small sweet mouth, the little roseleaf  
    hand  
Not love they lack these mothers who are  
    pleading !  
Teach them and train them, grant the aid  
    they ask.  
To-day for them is India interceding ,  
Who seeks to serve her needs no nobler task

## *Unto Eternity.*

If I could bring you patience in your pain,  
And soothe your tired eyelids into rest,  
Or lull with tenderness your weary brain,  
Of all God's gifts to me, this would be best

If I could teach your sad dark eyes to smile,  
And smooth your brow deep furrowed now by  
care,  
Or win you gladness for a moment's while,  
My very thankfulness would be a prayer

If I could hold your hands within my own,  
Those dear brave hands that nobly do their part,  
Or share with you the griefs you bear alone,  
No greater joy could gladden all my heart

But since, dear heart, to-day this may not be,  
Since love and knowledge have alas ! come late,  
Through all time's years, unto eternity,  
Knowing you mine, I am content to wait.

## *The Fairy Changeling.*

The faeries stole my little child away,  
They left an elfin changeling in her place  
A wild bird caged, she shuns me night and day,  
Shrinks at my touch and slips from my embrace.

Sometimes she gazes with such strange sad eyes;  
Haunted with dreams, desire, and memory  
Of fair far lands that fate to her denies,  
Exiled, earth's captive who would fain be free.

I seek to soothe her " Child, forget and play,"  
Yet grief, aversion, cannot wholly smother  
Cold comfort mine ! " In fairyland to-day  
May be my maid is weeping for her mother."

## *Napoli.*

### VILLA ANNUNZIATIA

“ If I go back to Italy—”

She turned to me and smiled  
So altered, yet I still could see  
The maid I knew, the child

“ If I go back to Italy— ’

Madonna, if you go  
I pray you spare a thought for me  
Who loved there, long ago

“ When I go back to Italy—”

The year will be at June,  
“ Days, dawn to dusk, blue gold, blue sea,  
At night a silver moon ”

When you go back to Italy

Dear, you no more may find  
Gardenias you gave to me  
In gardens left behind

“ If I go back to Italy—”

So young, so glad we were !

Sweet as her flowers she seemed to be,

As fresh and far more fair.

“ If I go back to Italy—”

Madonna, if you stay,

I pray you say a prayer for me,

Who loved, lost, learn to pray

## *March Winds.*

To day the poppies bloom in that strange desert  
land,  
Each year the March winds call, ah! will you  
understand,  
And hear and heed their cry? So long ago they  
seem,  
Those young days, you and I, a poppy-painted  
dream

So long! though you forget yet in my heart I  
hold  
Dawn in the desert, dusk, March nights moonlit  
and gold  
A stillness 'neath the stars, the warm sweet  
scented air,  
And poppies white and red, so pure, so proud they  
were

In that strange desert land to day the poppies  
bloom,  
Glad gifts that once you gave are garlands for  
a tomb  
In vain the March winds call, those young days  
ended seem,  
Lost love, to you and I, a poppy-painted dream



## *Venus De Milo.*

Her lover loved her loveliness  
So shaped its splendour into stone  
Thus through the years it grows not less  
Her grace and glory still are known  
White wonder ! she who was most fair,  
Crowned queen of beauty, starry eyed,  
With such a smile as women wear  
Who loving, loved, are satisfied

## *My Lady of the Golden Heart.*

To-day you smile with glad grey eyes  
That knew no touch of grief or care,  
Shall I be one to make them wise,  
Or dim their light with my despair ?  
To-day I stand with lagging feet  
Before the road where pathways part,  
God keep you safe from sorrow, sweet,  
My Lady of the Golden Heart.

Within my life a shadow lies,  
Dead days and deeds you may not know.  
My lily-flower in woman's guise,  
Shall I be one to work you woe ?  
Perchance 'twere well had we not met,  
Child, did I play a coward's part ?  
God pardon me if you regret,  
My Lady of the Golden Heart.

Keep still in me your old belief,  
Still pray for me your patient prayer,  
My talisman in doubt and grief  
The dark grey eyes, the face so fair  
Perchance your love may save me when  
I take the road that lies apart.  
You crowned me king among all men,  
My Lady of the Golden Heart

My sweet, behind me lies the past,  
Before the road where pathways part,  
God grant I find you at the last,  
Still Lady of my Loyal Heart

## *Princess Mary.*

*25th February, 1922*

To-day the grey old Abbey her wedding bells will  
ring,  
The Princess of an Empire, the daughter of a King  
A girl in silk and silver, all shimmering and white,  
A maid who weds her lover, her true and gallant  
knight

Thronged are the streets of London with crowds  
who greet the bride,  
They all her life have loved her, their own, their  
London Pride  
Ah! is she not a flower that fair and fragrant grows,  
The white Rose of England, a rare and Royal  
Rose!

So ne'er the grey old Abbey as brave a sight has  
seen,  
Though through the years it witnessed crownings  
of king and queen.  
For loyal love would render to one so sweet and  
true,  
All that of pomp and splendour is here, in homage  
due

Ah! gallant lord and lover, knight with the Norman  
name,  
To-day a nation's darling your wedded wife became  
They grudge you not your lady, their lovely  
Princess May,  
Since you will not from London bear London's  
Pride away

You who have fought for England, for England  
might have died,  
All English heart and soul of you, God keep you  
and your bride!  
Content, her Father's people, for each one gladly  
knows  
That still in England's Garden will bloom the  
Royal Rose

## A Song.

First time I met you 'twas in early spring,  
The fragrant air with hawthorn buds was sweet,  
In garden ways I found you loitering,  
No lily whiter than your lily-feet  
First time I met you 'twas in early spring

First time I saw you I but saw your eyes,  
That thrilled me with a mingled joy and pain ,  
Their grave gray glory that of even skies  
When the glad sunset is upon the wane  
First time I saw you I but saw your eyes

First time you spoke, sweet, I but heard your voice,  
Nor grasped the meaning of the words you said ,  
The low sweet music made my heart rejoice,  
Brought back old dreams and hopes I deemed  
long dead

First time you spoke, sweet, I but heard your voice

First time I kissed you, I but kissed your hair,  
That crowns you with its golden aureole ,  
Love of my life, who are to me most fair,  
Your body is less beauteous than your soul  
First time I kissed you, I but kissed your hair

*“ M’ aimez Vous, Ma Belle ? ”*

My lover asked, “ Do you love me ? ”

I smiled into his eyes

The women who went before me had left  
me, their daughter, wise !

Eve’s message throughout the ages “ To  
keep man’s love deny ”

Yet his true dark eyes were on me, and so  
I would not lie

“ Dear,” I said, “ were I a princess, heir  
to a royal throne,

And you a gipsy bringing no gift save love  
alone ,

One smile from you, one whisper, and none  
could bid me nay

I’d leave the world behind me to walk with  
you your way ”

“ Dear,” I said, though fate failed you,  
whate’er the years might bring

Poverty, loss, dishonour, you still should  
be my king

I would give my life to save you or serve,  
if I could not save,

Nothing and none shall part us, I am yours  
unto my grave !



And after ? ah ! my beloved, who knows  
what time may hold ?  
If it chance that you forget me who then lie  
still and cold,  
God grant that I sleep for ever, I would not  
wake to this  
Who have found on Earth my Heaven in  
your dear eyes, your kiss ”

Oh, ghosts of the wise dead women who  
played at love with lies,  
“ So much, too much I love you ! ” and the  
tears were in my eyes  
But he, I dared not doubt him as white to the  
lips he swore  
(I saw his soul that moment !) “ God knows  
that I love you more ! ”

## *The Betrayal.*

( 1798 )

They will hang my lad in Wexford town  
Doomed to die for the cause he led  
Thy life I'd give for those eyes of brown  
Soon shall they sleep with the cold and dead

Bound are his hands and fettered his feet  
O love my love he was brave and free  
May this make Death's bitter cup more sweet  
He dies for his country's liberty

He met me oft when the leaves were green  
(Now fields are trampled and stained with red)  
She crossed his path once he saw Ro leen  
Looked in his eyes and my dream was dead

O love, my love but she dragged him down,  
(Ah, Mary Mother, he knows not this ! )  
She sold his life for a silken gown,  
A flattering word, a soldier's kiss

There in the prison he cries on her,  
‘Rosleen, Rosleen ah ! I love you so !  
For me he has never the thought to spare ,  
Yet, God, I pray that he may not know

## *Belle Mabelle.*

Golden hair and face like May,  
Belle Mabelle is tired of play,  
Very weary of to-day,  
Belle Mabelle.

Looks on me in shy surprise,  
Wonder-darkened violet eyes,  
Deep in them a question lies,  
Belle Mabelle

"What is life and what is love?"  
(Pulling idly at her glove)  
Knowledge thus my own above,  
Belle Mabelle

Belle Mabelle, my dream is dead.  
All my golden years are fled,  
And my words and vows are said,  
Belle Mabelle.

Far behind me lies my past,  
Child, your future calls you fast,  
What will it bring you at last  
Belle Mabelle?

Eyes as blue as violets,  
Will you dim with vain regrets,  
See how soon a man forgets,  
Belle Mabelle

Will you play your woman's part,  
Feel love's pain, its ache and smart,  
Learn to hide a breaking heart,  
Belle Mabelle ?

Will-Ah, well, you're still a child,  
Simple-sweet and wayward-wild,  
Eyes are wet, but lips have smiled,  
Belle Mabelle

So I pray for you a prayer,  
Though time dim the face so fair,  
Steal the gold that gilds your hair,  
Belle Mabelle

God be with you through the years,  
Comfort you in doubt and fears,  
Soothe your griefs and dry your tears,  
My Mabelle !

## *Indian Love Song.*

Last night I heard a woman  
A-wailing for her dead !  
I turned to my beloved  
And clinging close, I said -  
" Death's Angel could not hold you  
Nor any Heaven keep,  
You would come back to Lalun  
If you but heard her weep "

Brave words and bravely spoken !  
My lover held me fast  
" Heaven nor Hell can part us,  
The future, present, past,  
Are ours, my sweet, for ever,  
So know no doubt or fear,  
All mine, all yours, heart's dearest,  
Hereafter, love, and here ! "

For seven years, my lover,  
    We've shared both joy and pain,  
Our love the gods have lent us ,  
    But they---take back again !  
I clung to my beloved,  
    And sighing soft, I said .  
" Ah, love, I hear that woman  
    Still wailing for her dead !"

## *The Derby Sweep.*

*" For Ten Rupees . . . . . "*

For ten rupees I buy a world  
Of dreams that pleasure and console,  
Days dreary once with hope empearled,  
A Magic Carpet I unroll  
My lightest wish may be fulfilled,  
At will I wander over seas,  
A castle not in Spain I build,  
All this is mine . . . for ten rupees !

For ten rupees in London Town  
I watch the people passing by,  
Clad like a queen in Reville gown,  
Ah, none more debonair than I !  
Or may be in some Devon lane  
Where honeysuckle scents the breeze  
We walk together once again  
That hope is mine . . . for ten rupees !



For ten rupees until is drawn  
The sweepstake, portal of delight,  
I eagerly await the dawn  
That follows on that fateful night  
Should chance prove kind—would I could tell  
How goddess Fortune I might please !—  
The prize is mine    If not, worth well  
My fancies bought    . . . for ten rupees !

## *Pansies.*

These pansies, sweet, I send  
From one who was your friend  
Till yesterday Love found  
For me a name gold-crowned,  
Your lover to the end,  
These pansies, sweet, I send

Ah ! sweet perchance you smile  
And guess my tender wile  
Since pansy means Love's thought  
Pansies your lover sought  
Your thoughts I would beguile  
Ah ! sweet, perchance you smile

These pansies, sweet, I send,  
From one who is your friend,  
Most loyal lover too  
The old name and the new  
Love's tender thoughts shall blend,  
These pansies, sweet, I send

## *Irish Folk Song.*

Mo cean dubh deelish ! dear dark head !  
Content by thy side would I wander on,  
Would drink the brook water, eat dry  
bread,  
And sleep 'neath the stars when the  
sun was gone

Cean dubh deelish ! when thou dost come  
To talk to me, here, at my father's door,  
My heart beats fast but my lips are dumb,  
Sure, how can I speak to thee, then,  
asthore ?

Never a word I find to say !  
But blame me not, love, for my maiden  
shame,  
In the night when I kneel down to pray,  
'Tis the Queen of the Angels hears thy  
name

Mo cean dubh deelish ! dear dark head !  
With thy raven hair and thy eyes of  
brown,  
All thine, beloved, to win and wed,  
I will wear thy love as a queen her crown !

## *To Christine Innes Rose.*

The fairies dance a measure,  
The wood elves pipe a tune,  
I sing of a little maid  
Sweet as Rose in June

Rose lips made for laughter,  
Eyes like leaves are green,  
Hair dark red and silken  
Crowns your head Christine

Woodland elves and fairies  
Wove for you a charm  
" Now no foe can hurt you,  
None dare work you harm "

Spells they said to save you,  
Sweet, from grief and care ,  
Glad the gifts they gave you,  
Joys they bade you share

“ Little feet, ” they whispered,  
“ Lightly, lightly tread  
May each path you follow  
Be with roses spread

Never friend forsake you,  
Never love grow cold  
Sweet, God guard and guide you  
Till life's tale is told.”

The faeries danced their measure,  
The wood elves piped the tune,  
I sang of a little maid  
Sweet as Rose in June

## ***Percy Bysshe Shelley.***

August 4, 1792—July 8, 1822

Near Shelley's grave the Roman roses grow,  
And there in perfumed stillness he doth  
sleep

His woe and wonder ended long ago,  
They too long dead who once for him did  
weep

Still are that restless heart, that eager brain,  
Death solved Life's secret and at last he  
knew

The sequel to Earth's evil and man's pain  
In some fair land God grant his dreams came  
true !

One long had loved him in her faith and  
pride,

Through all her days she deemed their love  
divine

Yet his soul seeking seemed unsatisfied  
His songs as tribute lay on many a shrine  
And of himself as lover he once said  
That, ages past, he wooed Antigone  
Thus having held her, in no mortal maid  
Could find content, nor slay her memory



At Shelley's grave the sombre cypress stands,  
Swayed by soft winds that sigh a requiem  
low.

To-day, too late, the whole world understands  
What was its loss an hundred years ago.

So, strewn with pansies, prince of poets lie,  
Your lyre was broken and your lute unstrung,  
When, like your lark you soared into the sky.  
He whom the gods loved died, alas ! too  
young.

## *The Secret.*

Once, long ago, you loved me,  
How many lives ago !  
My lips have felt your kisses,  
We dreamed of joy and woe.  
Dark head that once I pillowed  
To sleep against my breast,  
Strong arms that used to hold me,  
Dear eyes I kissed to rest.

So much we knew of rapture,  
Drank deep, too deep, of pain,  
Then death our two lives severed.  
To-day we meet again  
Once, long ago, I loved you,  
Who love you not at all ;  
But still that dim dead passion  
Half holds me as its thrall.

I, careless and indifferent,  
Still thrill beneath your touch,  
And loveless must remember  
That once I loved you much.  
Yet I have kept my secret  
And you shall never know  
That we were love and lover  
So many lives ago !

*Sir Leslie Wilson.*

Bombay, 10th December, 1923

You enter, Sir, and your chief City greets  
you,  
Her gayest garb of welcome doth she  
wear,  
Flagged ships, filled streets, the cheerful  
sight that meets you,  
Urbs prima in Indis ! may you find her  
fair !

Much has been said of strife, sedition, sinning,  
Doubt, discord, put all thought of these  
apart  
For you, for her, to-day a fresh beginning,  
Yours, if you will, the key to Bombay's  
heart.

You bring us, Sir, with you a fine tradition,  
A statesman's skill, a soldier's service,  
one  
Of courage, tact, of sympathy and vision,  
God guard and guide you till your task be  
done !

This is a people very proud yet patient,  
Swift to respond, to feel, to understand,  
So swift to love if you seek love, thus  
making  
This Province, yours, a calm contented  
land

## **Bombay.**

*Urbs prima in Indis.*

By a bride was brought to Britain  
This fair island as a dower,  
Though she viewed it not nor visioned  
Aught of future place and power  
It was bride gift worth the giving <sup>1</sup>  
Such we prove it day by day,  
Grown to greatness through their labour  
Who have lived in loved, Bombay

Ceaseless effort high endeavour  
In the present as the past,  
Crown her queen of sea girt cities  
Make her mart of empire vast  
Daily at her port the steamers  
Unlade, lade, and go their way  
To the ends of earth they take her  
Trade and traffic, great Bombay

My own city ! such I claim her,  
Though to me she gave not birth,  
By the love that bids me name her  
First in Ind, most fair on earth  
When at Naples I watched gleaming  
Out the lights around the Bay  
“ As at dusk she dons her necklace  
Fairer still doth seem Bombay ”

Sunrise, noon, sunset, and startime,  
Nights of silver, days of gold  
Soft sea-breezes, palm trees swaymg,  
Waves that sigh and sing and scold  
Skies that smile or frown above her,  
Seas now blue, then green or grey  
Stella Maris ! in her beauty  
Changeful, changeless, is Bombay

*I wonder if the Saints forget.*

I wonder if the Saints forget ?

Love, are you all forgetful grown,  
Or, sometimes, are those sweet eyes wet

With pity that you left me lone ?

Grey eyes I kissed in their last sleep,

With trembling lips and sobbing sigh

Ah, surely still those eyes must weep

If they recall that last goodbye

I wonder if the Saints forget !

I wonder if the Saints forget ?

Sweet as you tread the streets of gold,  
Is there no throb of vain regret

For woodland ways we knew of old ?

And through the song the angels sing

Comes there no echo faint and low,

Of blackbird's note in that glad spring,

That seems so very long ago ?

I wonder if the Saints forget !



I wonder if the Saints forget ?

Do you in Heaven walking down  
In shining white a halo set

Above the hair that was so brown—  
(The head that lay against my breast

The night we kissed our last goodbye !)  
Have you forgotten Margaret ?

I must remember till I die  
I wonder if the Saints forget !

## *May Magic.*

I bowed unto the green trees,  
I curtseyed to the moon,  
I whispered   Elves and fairies,  
Of you I seek a boon  
  'Tis I that have a lover,  
Ah, one who loves me well !  
With moonbeams and green leaves  
I wove for him a spell  
'Tis twined and twisted truly ,  
But, should I vanish soon  
And fade away like green leaves,  
Or flicker with the moon,  
I pray you of your courtesy  
That he still think of me  
When he looks at a moonbeam,  
Or doth a green leaf see !

## *Cherisette's First Christmas.*

When Cherisette was three months old  
For her we decked a Christmas tree  
With candles red, and green, and gold,  
We laughed and laboured merrily  
So many gifts her lovers brought,  
They seemed so glad that she was here,  
And we who love her most had thought  
"How lovely Christmas is this year!"

Then someone smiled, "You are so young!"—  
So foolish!" such a smile implied—  
"She cannot hear the carols sung  
Nor heed the gifts you place with pride,  
An infant!" Cher raised her head,  
She opened wide her eyes of blue  
And cooed at us, no word she said,  
But oh! my dear, we know she knew!

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